



THE CHERRY BLOOMS
OF YEDDO

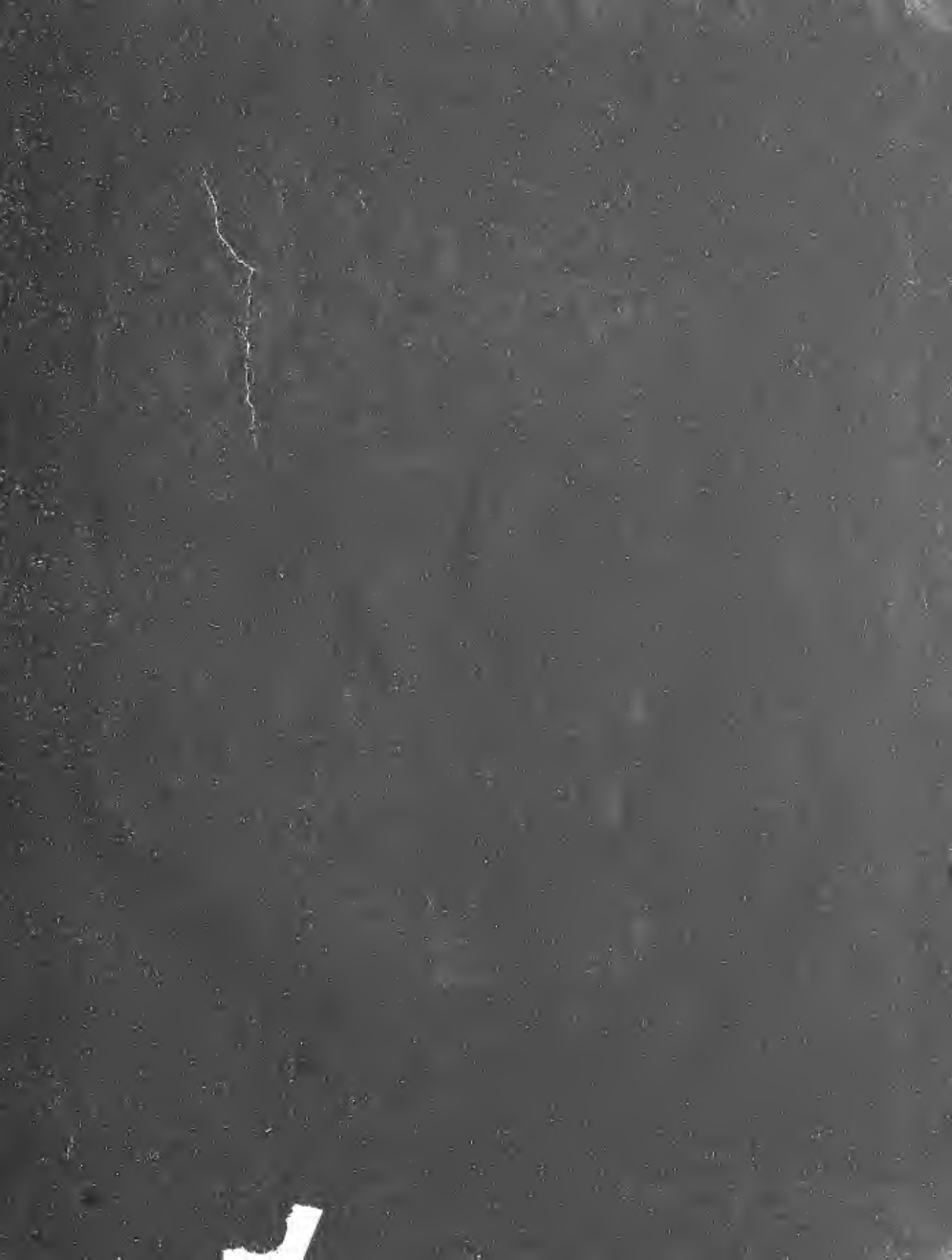


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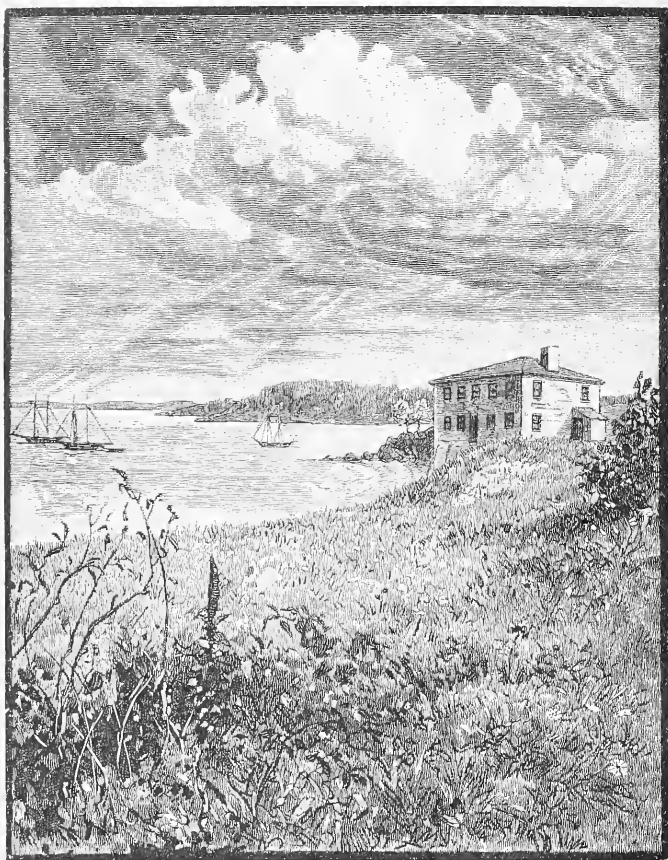
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"MY GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, WERE YOU EVER THERE?"

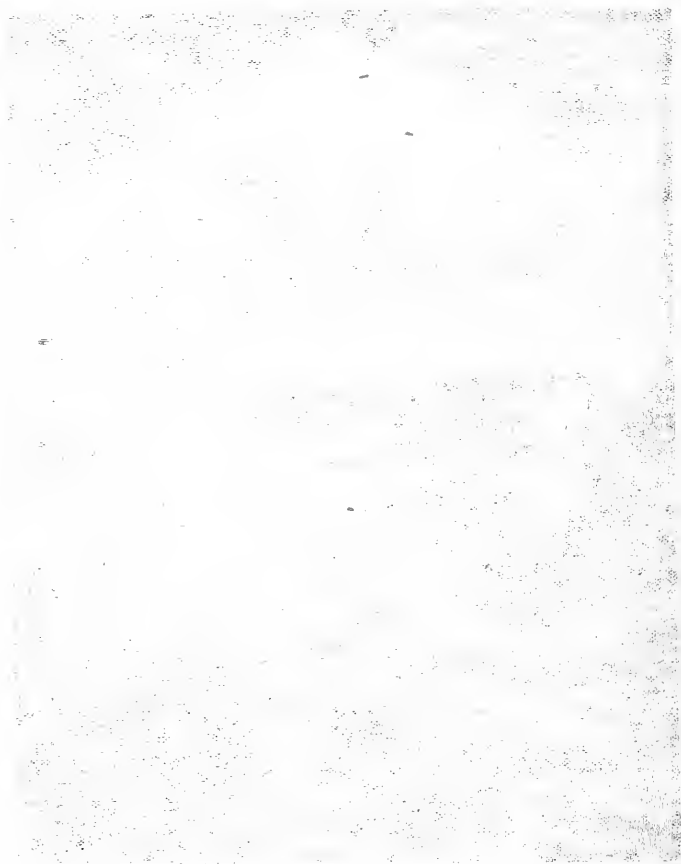
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THE CHERRY-BLOOMS OF YEDDO

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
CLARA M. ARTHUR

"The infinite bliss of Nature
I feel in every vein,
The light and the life of summer
Blossom in heart and brain."

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY
FRANKLIN STREET



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1881

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NOTE.

A few miles from the centre of the old city of Yeddo, now called Tokio, the capital of the Empire of Japan, is a place called Mukōjima. There is a river with arched bridges, and along the bank a road bordered on either side, for miles and miles, with cherry-trees. They have no fruit; only blossoms. Off at the right are gardens, and among them tea-houses, and everywhere pleasant resting-places. When April comes the newspapers report the cherry-trees in bloom, and it seems as if the influence of those far-off blossoms finds its way through the dustiness and dinginess of that great city; for the workman leaves his work, and the merchant his store, and they go to spend the pleasant April days in the meadow, by the river—under the cherry-trees of Mukōjima.



THE CHERRY-BLOOMS OF YEDDO.

O ACRES and acres of cherry-blows,
That bloom in a far-off meadow!
O acres and acres of land where grow
The cherry-blooms of Yeddo!

The wind stole sweetness and gave it me,
As it rollicked home belated,
As by the garden tsubach-tree
I worked and dreamed and waited.

O acres and acres of white-tiled roofs,
And miles of dusty going,
Between me and the cherry-blooms,
By the meadow river growing!

I laid beneath the tsubah-tree
My dreams and work together,
And went to find the cherry-blooms
In the pleasant April weather.

O merrily on! sweet odors come
With every breeze that passes;
I reach the gate, my tired feet
Press down the meadow-grasses.

O acres and acres of cherry-blows
Rustling all together,
Courting the sun in their gala dress
In the pleasant April weather!

On every breeze your sweetness fling
To distant field and meadow,
And rustling sing, and singing die,
Ye cherry-blooms of Yeddo,

While down beneath life's tsubach-tree
I will place each vain endeavor,
And go to find the cherry-blooms
That grow in heaven forever.

I hear them ring, I hear them sing,
And call in very pity
Earth's tired workers at their toil
In life's great dusty city.

O joyfully on! sweet odors come
With every breeze that passes;
I will reach the gate; my tired feet
Shall press the heavenly grasses.

O glorious rest! I will not care
For miles of dusty going,
When I shall find the cherry-blooms
By the heavenly river growing.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE.

BUILT years ago, large, quaint, and square,
Things old-fashioned everywhere;
Grandmother's house, were you ever there?

In quest of a place on a summer's day,
When they went to build did they lose their way,
Among daisies and buttercups go astray?

Lose their way and say to each,
"We will put it here by the rocky beach,
Just from the waters out of reach?"

And so they built it; large and square,
Cosy corners here and there,
Old-fashioned wonders everywhere.

Unlooked-for nooks on every side,
Queer old places where one might hide,
Grandmother's house, our childish pride.

Old-fashioned dishes, fit for elves,
Stowed away on closet shelves;
Unmatched platters by themselves.

Curious china, quaint and old,
Thirteen stars in blue and gold
Two gilt doves in circle hold.

On topmost shelf, without a mate,
All alone there stands a plate,
Relic of an ancient date.

Oft have I turned from dainties spread,
Forgot my slice of wheaten bread,
To con that pictured plate instead.

Its full rigged ships of deepest blue,
The seas unruffled sailing through,
Towards a distant landscape view.

Flying pennants at mast-head each,
Ships that sail, but never reach
The bluish pebbles on the beach.

In its red case, standing tall,
Ticks the clock against the wall,
Its benediction on us all.

On braided mat in a cosy chair,
The glory of the house is there,
Time's gathered snow upon her hair.

The story of her life is told ;
She is drifting away in the mist and the gold
Of a life beyond that never grows old.

Drifting away, and out of sight,
Into the glory of a greater light,
Into a day that hath no night.

And in all the world there never will be
Among daisies and buttercups down by the sea
A house old-fashioned, like this, for me.

CHANGING PASTURES.

HOW calm and still the night is; shadows gray
Wrap up the outlined hilltops, far away,
Of rugged Scotland's coast.
A lonely island among the Hebrides,
A desert waste, which cannot leafy trees
Nor thrifty verdure boast—

Only a pasture-land for grazing herds,
A princely mansion, where the wild sea-birds
May safely build their nest.
All day the faithful shepherd leads his flocks,
At twilight, now among the cliffs and rocks,
He waits with them to rest.

“To-morrow will my herds bleat sad complaint
For fresher fields, my tender lambs will faint

For food they cannot find.”

So to the water's edge he leads the way;
Of all his gathered charge none gone astray,
Nor truant left behind.

They wait around the boat in clustering bands,
In gentle sport upon the shining sands,

With restless feet they tread.

And all are gathered in, none willful stay,
Unmindful if to death or pasture they
Are by the shepherd led.

Soft in the gloaming sounds the dip of oars;
It breaks the shadowed outline of the shores,

And bleatings of affright

Float through the twilight with the boatman's song,
While darkness, at some banquet tarrying long,
Comes tardily at midnight.

Searce doth the boat from shadows of the rock
Creep out, e'er its dull bow, with gentle shock,
 Slides up a sandy beach.
Fresh island pastures for the boatman's herds,
Welcome is given by the wild sea-birds,
 In strange, unearthly speech.

The boat unladen, by the shepherd led,
The flocks with restless feet sweet music tread
 From out the singing sands,
The whispered greetings of the shells and rocks,
A song of welcome for the passing flocks,
 To their wild pasture-lands.

And up the path, among cliffs by springing rills
They feed, nor bleat complaint upon its hills
 For pastures left behind.
When we as they in life's rough pastures feed
Till our Great Shepherd sees that we have need
 For food we cannot find,

And our souls hunger on life's rugged hills
For food, and faint beside its wasted rills,
 Shall not our footsteps tread
A prelude welcome from the singing sands
Of vast eternity's fresh pasture-lands,
 And be forever fed?

NOTE:—Among the Hebrides, the herdsmen convey their flocks
in large boats, from one island to another, for pasturage.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

LIGHT and shadows rise and fall
In the room with the rosy-papery wall,
Room to me that is best of all.

Wind, lift up the muslin screen!
Let in the light that comes between
The maple leaves of shining green.

Fall soft upon the patchwork spread,
Quilt of blue and white and red,
Upon a carved old-fashioned bed.

Your worn-out squares are quilted through
With thoughts of all I used to do,
When I wore the dresses now in you.

I was a girl with braided hair,—
I think of the time I gave the tear,
The zigzag rent beyond repair,—

As I went through fields, a girlish rover,
In a dress of white, all dotted over
With sprigs of wheat, and sprays of clover.

O dress! that once was mine to wear,
Your clover blooms are scattered there
In the pink and white of that patchwork square.

Wind, lift up the muslin screen!
Let in the light that comes between
The maple leaves of shining green.

Fall soft upon the patchwork spread;
For a little child that now is dead,
Sewed your squares of white and red.

One summer's day she wrought in you,
And left her needle half-way through,
With a knotted, twisted thread of blue.

Before she slept that summer's night,
She laid away, and out of sight,
Your folded squares of red and white.

She sought for blooms that fadeless grow,
And left for other hands to sew
The clover blossoms here below.

And still the light, through windows small,
Throws shadows on the rosy wall,
On the quaint, old-fashioned bedstead tall;

And falls in waving bars of gold
Across each faded, wrinkled fold
Of clover blossoms, growing old;

While into life's great patchwork spread,
I sew with many a knotted thread,
Time's clover blooms of white and red.

And by and by, when night shall fall,
To dim the roses on the wall,
If through the dark I hear a call,

My work unfinished here below
I will lay aside, and softly go
To seek for blooms that fadeless grow.

What matters it? I will not grieve
If other hands shall interweave
And smooth the tangled threads I leave.

Beyond the dark, in fields of bliss
I'll gather flowers, and will not miss
The clover blossoms left in this.

I will backward look through all the shade,
To see in full completeness laid
Life's patchwork squares which I have made.

And heavenly light will softly shine,
Till planned by One with thought divine
Will seem these unmatched squares of mine.



PATIENCE PRIM.

PATIENCE PRIM, agèd ten,
Have you seen her?—Where, and when?
Quaker hat and gingham gown,
Cherry cheeks and eyes of brown;
Ankle-deep in trodden clover,
Bowl of berries spilling over.

Where the buttercups are growing
In the far-off meadow mowing,
Tired of going up and down,
Patience Prim, in gingham gown,
Fast asleep among the clover,—
Bowl of berries all tipped over.

Out beneath the fern leaves creeping,
Fairies came and found her sleeping;
Changed her Quaker cape of brown
Into wings like thistle down,
While her homespun tunic grew
Into dress of elfin blue.

Up a slanting sunset ray
She with fairies went away;
As they flew, they talked together,
Patience Prim and "White Bird Feather."
"Fairy, tell me, as we go,
All the wonders that you know.

"I have left the daisies growing
In the far-off meadow, mowing,
Down among the trodden clover
Left my berries tipping over—
Left them all that I might see
What those sunset clouds can be."

So they went, on rays of light,
Until earth was out of sight—
Went through mists around them lifting,
Reached a cloudy island drifting,
Rosy tinged with sunset hue,
Floating in a sea of blue.

"Fairy, let us try and clamber
Up that mountain cliff of amber,
Maybe in its ridgy hollow
There are butterflies to follow;
Caves in which through all the day
Moon and stars are hid away."

In the far-off meadow mowing,
Where the buttercups are growing,
Patience Prim, in gingham gown,
Opened wide her eyes of brown,
Woke, and found her dream was over,
Her berries spilled among the clover.

Grieved because she had not time
Up the sunset hills to climb,
Went home through the meadow mowing,
Where the buttercups are growing,
Finger-tips as red as cherries,
Blushes stolen from the berries,

Fair among the blossoms fair,
Daisy-crowned and chestnut hair,
All the flowers downward bent,
Nodding to her as she went
Down the lane and through the gate,
Where the morning-glories wait.

ON THE BEACH AT NEWPORT.

SURELY the stars, had their eyes been bright,
Would have laughed to see so queer a sight,
When 'the bathing season was at its height.

Sometimes even the staid old sun,
Up in the sky, seemed to think it fun,
To look through the clouds and see us run.

O, the wind blew strong from out the east!
It capped the waves with a foamy yeast;
But did it frighten you? Not in the least.

There comes a huge one! give us your hand;
Oh! ah! ugh! Isn't it grand?
But my eyes are brim full of salt and sand.

So all of us dressed in the gray of Quakers,
Laughed and talked among the breakers,
Guessed old Neptune had joined the Shakers.

Thought that each particular whale,
Down from the north on a midsummer's sail,
Must be blowing in rage to raise such a gale.

And waiting there, in the seething tide,
One told us a story, as side by side
We watched for a wave to give us a ride.

How Neptune once took a sudden whim,
When a Newport belle was learning to swim,
That her solitaire diamond suited him.

So he stirred up the waves in foamy strife;
She sought the shore to save her life;
He slipped off her ring for his mermaid wife.

But her lover vowed, as he trod the strand,
That at next high tide, upon her hand
Would glimmer the gold of the wedding band.

We heard the story in the surf out there,
And, drenched with waves, we breathed our share
Of salt water mixed with Newport air.

As out in the east the gray fog lifted,
A breeze from the west the dense clouds rifted;
Landward through foam and surf we drifted

To the shore dotted over with spans of grays,
Barouches and teams with gold-mounted bays,
Ladies in silks and white piqués,

Who loved the grace of carriage ease,
Thought perhaps they would shiver and freeze
In the rougher sports of the tumbling seas.

So we said "good-by" to the surf and spray,
To our broad-rimmed hats, and our suits of gray,
And up the hill as we rode away

We backward looked, and said to each
That none had told in song or speech
Half the frolic and fun of Newport beach.

CHARITY CROSS.

TINTED are her cheeks with rose ;
She is waiting in the snows
Of the falling apple-blows.

Tinklings of a drowsy rill
Come from the upland orchard hill,
Niches in her dreams to fill.

Dotted is her rustic shawl
With the apple-leaves that fall ;
Twilight splendors cover all.

Deeper lined than earthly grace,
Rest of heaven cloth in her face
Rejoice in its abiding-place.

Charity Cross, it groweth late;
Household duties for you wait
Just beyond the garden gate.

Leave the apple-blooms to fall,
Far-off brook to vainly call;
Lightly climb the orchard-wall.

All your dreamings softly fold;
Let them drift away untold
In the dying sunset's gold.

Down the path that leads between
Ferns and mosses shaded green,
The gabled house is dimly seen.

Winds, with poplar trees at play,
Chafe with tossing boughs all day
Weather-beaten walls of gray.

Open wide the trellised door;
Sunset glories go before,
Fall upon the kitchen floor,

Turn to gold the swinging loom
Standing in the corner's gloom,
Of the low, brown-raftered room.

Brazen dogs that ever sleep,
Silently the entrance keep
Of the fire-place, huge and deep.

Charity, stop no more to dream;
Covers lift with puffing steam;
Waiting stands the risen cream.

Change to white your apron gray,
Sprinkled clothes to fold away
Ready for another day.

Quickly now the table spread
With its home-spun cloth of red,
Savory meats and snowy bread.

On the shelf a pink-lipped shell,
That forever tries to tell
Ocean-music learned so well.

Tiptoe on the cricket stand;
Take it in your sun-browned hand,
Shell from eastern tropic land.

Let your clear voice through it ring,
Homeward the hired help to bring
From the distant meadow spring.

Far away they hear the call;
Look! they come by orchard wall,
Where the apple-blossoms fall.

One that foremost leads the plough
Sees you in the doorway now —
Breaks a bending apple-bough,

Waves it by the meadow creek;
Answering flushes on your cheek
Tell the words you do not speak.

Out upon the rippling river
Purple lights of sunset quiver,
Rustling leaves reflected shiver.

Shell in hand, she goes to greet
Her lover, where the turf-grown street
And the meadow pathway meet.

Insect voices far away,
Hushed in silence through the day,
Whisper in the night of May.

While in vain the pink-lipped shell,
Murmuring in its hollow cell,
Would its own love story tell.

Through the drifting apple-snow,
Where the four-leafed clovers grow,
Hand in hand they homeward go,

And they vow, whate'er the weather,
'Mid the brier, through the heather,
They will walk life's way together,

Parting, when the day grows late,
If a moment, at the gate,
One is left, alone to wait,

Yet each other they will greet,
Where life's shadeless, dusty street
And the heavenly pathway meet.

SANTA CLAUS.

IN his crystal palace in the Polar Sea,
Santa Claus harnessed, in tandem three,
The Ursa Major and the Minor Bear,
With the Flying Horse to lead the pair.
They snuffed the wind of sleet and snow,
They pawed the ground in their haste to go:
Santa Claus' team in tandem three
At his palace gate in the Polar Sea.

That palace, built of ice and snow,
Begun in the ages long ago,—
Its walls were laid the very day
The Christ-child in the manger lay;

And all its crystal bells were rung
When first the Bethlehem shepherds sung.

And Santa Claus now, in the Christmas cold,
Gathers his gifts for young and old;
Lights up his palace on every side
And opens the icy shutters wide;
Puts on the frostwork steps a star
To keep the swinging door ajar,
And show the way for his tandem three
To find the gate of the Polar Sea.

Because the icebergs are rough and tall,
He takes his course above them all;
And his tandem three, as if at play,
Go dashing down the milky way.
The northern lights are blazing high —
His palace lamps on the midnight sky!
That flash of light is a shooting star,
A spark from the wheel of his rolling car!

'Tis Santa Claus coming which looks like day,
And pales the stars of the milky way!
You hear not the sound of the north wind cold,
But the whiz and whirl of his car of gold!

So put out the fires, lest they should melt
The icicle sword in his starry belt;
We will take a nap and then we'll see
If Santa Claus brought for you and me
Some wondrous gift, with his tandem three,
From his crystal halls in the Polar Sea.

THE PARK STREET CLOCK.

I AM Park Street Clock just striking three;
With a time-worn face I look to see
The people come and the people go
Over the sidewalk just below.

Much I think, but little I say
Of all I see across the way;
For it is not best that a clock like me
Should always talk of the things I see.

With ungloved hands I pointed four
A week ago or a little more,
When through the storm and blinding sleet,
Looking down on the busy street,

I saw a child in the bitter cold,
In garments thin, and worn, and old.
I gave a tick and then a sigh,
Because my hands were up so high.

Thought if my works had only power
To do something more than tell the hour,
She had not gone unfed and chill,
By Park Street Church and up the hill.

She had not gone through storm and sleet
With a look so tired, as if 'twere sweet
If she could rest beneath the snow
In Park Street church-yard, just below.

Pardon me, friends, a clock like me
Ought not to talk of the things I see,
My hands are cold, my speech is slow,
The weights are heavy that make me go.

North, and south, and east, and west,
Over the graves of those who rest
And sleep so calm beneath the snow,
In Park Street church-yard, just below,

I look to see, but not to say,
Of all that happens across the way.
Mine is the work to tell the hour—
A time-worn clock in the old church tower,

With hands and face to outward show
The power within that makes me go,
Night and day to watch the town,
To tick, and strike, and not run down.

A word, my friends, as to and fro
Around the dial-plate I go;
If you will only show as true
The hidden power that works in you,

I will not care if my hands are high,
Because the poor are passing by,
For they will not go unfed and chill,
By Park Street Church and up the hill.

But now I start, and whiz, and whirl,
All my wheels begin to stir;
I, Park Street Clock, am pointing four,
I strike, and tick, and say no more.

THE LEGEND OF THOR.

S AID the mighty King Thor, "'Tis break of day,
Wrap up my castle in storm-clouds gray,
Gather me thunderbolts many and strong —
Jötunheim's road is rough and long,
Split the rocks in our way asunder,
Make me a path the mountains under!"

They harnessed his steed with a lightning chain;
And the giant King Thor and his followers twain
Left far behind, at early day,
His castle wrapped in storm-clouds gray.
Traversed great deserts, and came at last
To Neptune's pasture, an ocean vast,

Where Hymer's cattle, the icebergs tall,
By spring let loose from their northern stall,
Are watched and tended as they roam at large
By a giant herdsman with icy barge,
Who ferried King Thor to the opposite shore,
In a crystal boat with an icicle oar.

Leagues inland then Thor journeyed on
Through waste chaotic, till Luna shone,
And softened with light from her crescent hand
The weird shadows of Giant-land.
Said Thor, as he reined his hail-cloud steed,
"Here stands a castle to suit our need."
Substance among shadows it stood alone,
Deserted, empty, built of stone;
And mighty Thor and his followers twain
Made fast the steed with a lightning chain,
And slept till midnight. There came a roar
Of a raging foe at the castle door.

Thor seized his thunderbolts, many and strong,
He guarded the entrance all night long—
Till the stars paled out. When break of day
From Giant-land rolled the mists away,
He found the noise was only the roar
Of Skrymir, asleep beside his door—
The great Earth-giant wrapped in a cloud;
Like fiery Etna, he breathed so loud
The echoes caught and carried the sound
In notes redoubled, for leagues around;
The castle at night that seemed so grand
Was a cast-off glove from Skrymir's hand.
Thor's followers both in sore affright,
In its empty thumb had staid all night.

Thor gathered his brow with an angry frown,
In rage he brought a thunderbolt down,
While the Earth-giant said, in dreamy sleep,
“The summer clouds begin to weep,

I feel a drop upon my cheek."
Said Thor, "A stronger bolt I'll seek."
He hurled the fiercest of them all.
Said Skrymir, "Doth a sere leaf fall?"

And the vanquished Thor, in sore dismay,
Left the giant asleep at break of day.
For what great power, what arm can break,
What mighty force can even wake
Or startle to creative birth,
This breathing, rugged, grand old earth?
Bolts are but dew-drops on its cheek,
Till Deity itself shall speak.

And like the mighty, kingly Thor
Do earth's philosophers wage their war,
With mind and thought for bolts of thunder,
Time-honored systems hewing asunder.

They find a theory and call it their own —
Think it substance among shadows standing alone;
But their rest is broken for they hear the roar
Of some Giant Truth outside of their door.
And knowledge is crescent; what now seems grand,
In a future's fuller light may stand
As Truth's cast-off glove. When he shall wake,
What mighty force his arm can break?
And but as dew-drops on his cheek
Are Error's darts when God shall speak.

MY ROADSIDE FRIEND.

I WALKED one day, the maple boughs
October frosts had kissed;
They blushed, and looked with rosy cheeks
Through Indian-summer mist.

The winding path curved out and in,
Past fields of ripened corn,
Across the tumbling hillside brook
Of autumn freshets born.

But where along the roadside bank,
The golden-rods bend low
Their crowned heads, radiant in the light
Of the after-summer's glow,

I met a butterfly, and I said,
 "Upon what mission bent
O butterfly, with colored wings
 Of brown and yellow blent?

"How can it be that April day
 Your memory forgets!
I met you in your coat of fur
 Among the violets.

"I did not think in dress so rough,
 Such beauty could abide;
The thickness of your winter coat
 Unfolding wings might hide.

"You went your way, how happened it
 You found a dress like this?
Could see to weave it in the dark,
 Within the chrysalis?

.

“O flutter here and flutter there,
Along this green grass sea,
And by you reach of thistle hills,
Give me your company!

“I’ll tell you of a little child,
One of my dearest pets,
Who walked out through the fields of life,
Among its violets.

“We went through all the April days
Together side by side;
And I forgot an earthly dress
Unfolding wings might hide.

“She left us, went away to find
Some freer life than this;
Pushed wide the door, and left for us
The empty chrysalis.

“Among daintier flowers than violets
That edge the heavenly sea,
She flutters in sweet freedom now,
With angel company.

“But hark! O butterfly, I hear
A call for you to rest!
The golden-rods along the way
Are nodding the request.

“Then tarry now, before the frost
Some crisp October day,
Within the dark of that green bank
Shall hide their gold away.

“And I will take the homeward path,
That leads down by the mill,
To where the blushing maples stand
Upon the far-off hill.

“I will go life’s way until from out
Its chrysalis I see
Some freer life, where I may go
With angel company.”

THE OLD ELM ON THE COMMON.

I PASSED that way; the summer's heat
Had moved the ancient tree
To whisper through its rustling leaves
Its storied life to me.

"I am very old; my outstretched arms
Have braved full many a storm;
Yet still I wrap the leaves of green
Around my rugged form.

"Two hundred years I backward look —
I am a sturdy tree;
The wigwams on the tenting ground
My topmost boughs can see.

“And camp-fires gleam beside the brook,
Where ripples now the pond;
I watch their lights flash up against
The tangled breaks beyond,

“While pluméd, painted chieftain braves
Have war in council made,
And vengeance vowed on every foe
Who would their soil invade.

“I see the ships! I hear a cry!
The war-whoop on the plain;
The blood of friend and foe alike
Is shed as summer rain.

“But conquered is the dusky race;
Their wounded chief is laid
Upon the daisy-sprinkled turf,
To die beneath my shade.

“I rustle all my swinging leaves
To muffle distant sounds,
That in a calm his soul may go
To far-off hunting grounds.

“I onward look one hundred years;
Events are crowding fast;
I see upon the trodden snow
My leafless shadow cast.

“For blustering is the winter’s wind,
And bitter is its chill;
The Redcoats pitch their camping tents
Upon the sloping hill.

“I overlook my comrades all;
I view the busy town;
The ensign red, St. George’s cross,
Is every flag-staff’s crown.

“I shiver in my sturdy limbs!
’Tis not the chilling blast,
But sounds I hear on every side
Of elm-trees falling fast.

“First martyrs they! My heart was stirred
As never yet by storm,
To see their funeral fires blaze up
To keep the Redcoats warm.

“They passed me by! I stand to-day
A loyal elm and true,
To clap with all my leafy hands
For the Red and White and Blue!

“I outward reach my stalwart arms;
I brave the winter’s storm;
In summer wrap the leaves of green
Around my rugged form:

“And many years may homeless birds
A shelter find in me,
To chirp and sing among my boughs
Their chorus jubilee.

“While in my trunk, with embryo leaves,
Down deep I'll fold away,
The records of my storied life
To tell another day.”

THE BUMBLEBEE'S STORY.

WHERE Stumpland reaches out of sight,
Where weeds grow tall, and frogs all night
Talk together in marshes low,
And thick rank clumps of thistles grow,

In a pearly nest of wondrous form,
Secure from wind and safe from storm,
In a log grown old with time's decay,
I, Bumblebee, buzzed my youth away.

A stump stood tall beside my door,
And at its feet, from the mossy floor,
A berry grew, all tinged with red,
By sun and rain and dew-drops fed.

It grew in beauty and blushes fair;
I thought my glances brought them there;
Knew not that sun, and earth, and sky,
Had loved the berry as well as I.

But older and wiser, when the days were long,
I said in my heart, "My wings are strong:
Beyond the rim of Stumpland over,
Surely there lies some field of clover."

I said "good-by" to the thistle and frogs,
To the moss-grown stump and hollow logs.
The thistles nodded their airy heads,
The frogs looked out of their sleepy beds.

I said "good-by" to the berry that grew
Nestled in leaves and drops of dew;
I thought it wept at the words I said,
My sweet little berry, blushing red.

And on that early summer day,
For miles and miles I flew away,
And found those far-off fields of clover
Beyond the rim of Stumpland over.



All through the long, bright summer hours
I hummed and buzzed among the flowers,
And gathered honey and laid in store
For days when roses should bloom no more.

I flew through the window, open wide,
Of an old stone church the road beside,
And sought for honey in flowers that grew
On the children's hats in the old square pew.

I heard the story of one who told
Of words in a book that were better than gold;
Sweeter than honey, and happy his look,
As if he had tasted the words of the book.

High over their heads I buzzed away
Into the light of the outer day;
The children, laughing, looked at me,
Called me the old church bumblebee.

And now in the chill, late autumn time,
By the old stone church where ivies climb,
Happy and wise, and learnèd, and old,
I wait for the coming of winter's cold.

I wait for the fields of blissful clover,
Where bumblebees dwell when this life is over :
I wait to find in its beauty fair,
My Stumpland berry growing there.

JOSIE.

THRICE the summer queen of flowers
Has counted out her golden hours
For Josie.

Dipped her moments all in glory,
Linked them into life's sweet story,
For Josie.

Told the sunlight, and the air,
To sprinkle gold upon the hair
Of Josie.

Breezes they must wander over
All the perfumed fields of clover,
To Josie.

Gathering freshness, this their duty,
To leave their fragrance and their beauty
With Josie.

Eyes the sky should give of blue,
That was all that it could do
For Josie.

So the sunlight left its play,
And the breezes came this way,
To Josie.

Sprinkled with its golden light,
The dainty 'broidered dress of white,
For Josie.

Kissed the dimples on his hand,
As with shovel piling sand,
 Stood Josie.

O thou summer queen of flowers,
Count out years with golden hours,
 For Josie!

Let the ending of life's story,
Be the gateway into glory,
 For Josie.

BLOSSOM BENNETT.

I AM Blossom! and I waited
On the three-step meadow stile,
In the shadow of the alders
Resting for a little while.

Caged-up winds in cloudy caverns,
From the sunset wandering hence,
Tipped my empty basket balanced
On the cedar-knotted fence.

Going downward as a missile,
By the spirit breezes hurled,
Did my basket in its falling
Crush a dandelion world.

Crushed, but loosed a hundred spirits,
Germes of flowers yet ungrown;
Up and over on the hill-tops,
In the valleys, were they sown.

To myself I said, "O Blossom,
Why so linger? it is late;
Huge as giants grow the shadows
Slanting eastward as you wait."

But my basket rustling, falling,
Stirred a cricket in the grass,
Brushing up his dusty jacket
At a dew-drop looking-glass.

Roused, he left his coat undusted,
Tiny dew-drop-glass forsook,
Lost his way among the grasses,
Down beside the meadow brook.

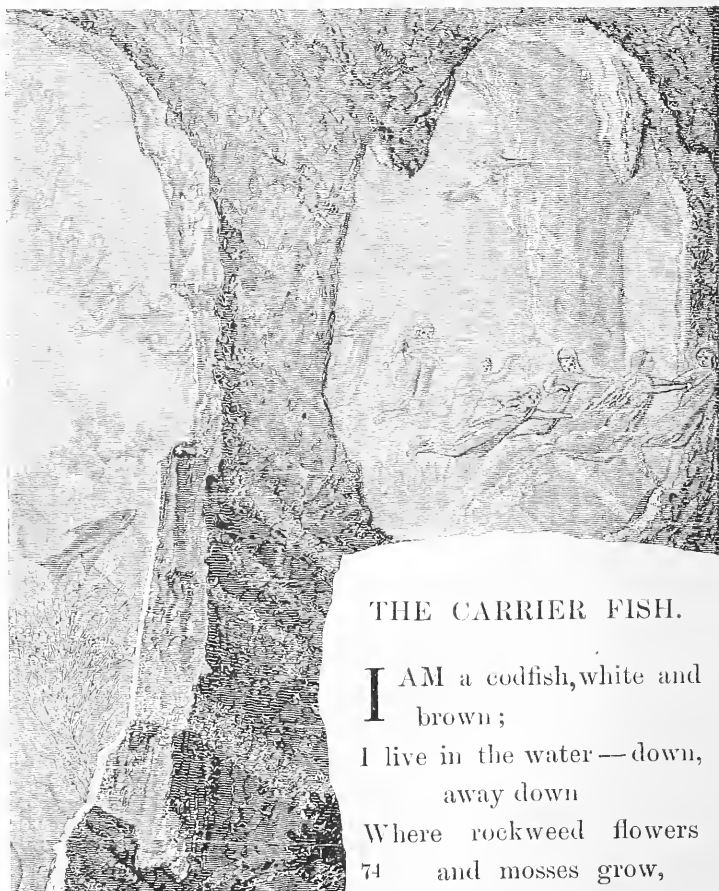
And I heard him calling, calling,
Chirping, chirping, loud and long;
Answering frogs in pools and marshes,
Gave the echo of his song.

Then I listened; from a million
Cranny nooks and petal caves,
Intonated insect music
Came in rising, surging waves.

And I went home through the meadow,
Where the tangled grass is deep,
Where from out their green leaf curtains
Blushing sun-kissed strawberries peep.

Said, "O Blossom, let your words,
Falling down among earth's weeds,
Put in motion germs of action,
Like the dandelion seeds!

So indeed your life may waken
Some heart to a newer birth,
Freshen up some soul grown dusty
In the weariness of earth."



THE CARRIER FISH.

I AM a codfish, white and
brown ;

I live in the water — down,
away down

Where rockweed flowers
74 and mosses grow,

In Neptune's garden down below.
Oh, it is glorious to be a fish,
And drink from out some dainty dish
Of hollowed rock or fluted shell,
Down, away down where mermaids dwell!

Wondrous are the things I've seen,
In the water world that lies between
Those far-off gardens blooming fair,
And the upper light which some call air;
There are little fish with starry eyes,
And shining coats of wondrous dyes,
And I am a codfish, white and brown,
I live in the water—down, away down
Where rockweed flowers and mosses grow,
In Neptune's garden down below.

Long crimson bars of yellow light,
A boat at sea, a shadow white

Of a flapping sail, like a bird of air
With outspread wings, is painted there;
One wing above of canvas white,
One shadowed on the waters bright.
And the fisher's heart was glad and gay,
For wondrous luck had come that day.
While the wake of his boat on the water's bright,
Wrinkled the crimson bars of light,
Through shadowed clouds upon the bay,
His heart, like his boat, went drifting away.

Sunset wrap in a purple fold,
Wrap in a shroud of mist and gold,
The little codfish, white and brown,
Who is dying for love of his home away down
Where rockweed flowers and mosses grow,
In Neptune's garden down below.
Dying for a breath of native air
In those far-off gardens blooming fair;

Of thirst for a drink from the fluted shell,
And the hollowed rocks where mermaids dwell.

A fisher's stall in a seaport town;
Long rows of codfish, white and brown,
Halibut, haddock, very cheap,
Fresh-caught from the waters deep.
The fisher's heart was glad and gay;
He said, "I will send to my love to-day
That little plump one, white and brown,
In the row of codfish half way down."
He took the fish and tried to think;
He dipped his pen in purple ink;
He thought, and thought—what could he say?
Tell him, breeze, from off the bay,
Whisper it, codfish, white and brown,
Who died for love of your home away down
Where rockweed flowers and mosses grow
In Neptune's garden down below.

A little house quite out of town,
With walls and fences painted brown,
Off from the road, and just below
A little brook where alders grow.
A kitchen with a sanded floor,
Pictured hills through an open door;
A maid with eyes like skies of blue,
From clouds in summer looking through,
Taking from a basket down
A little codfish, white and brown;
Breezes blowing from off the sea
Over her shoulder look for me;
Tied to the fish—what do you think?
A letter written in purple ink!
The little note was pondered well,
What the maiden thought, I cannot tell,
But all day long, in a drifting boat,
The fisher dreamed of his purple note;
Wondering if the prize he sought
With the bait of a carrier fish was caught.

And this is the story of the little fish
Which was served up as a dainty dish,
The little codfish, white and brown,
Who died for love of its home away down
Where rockweed flowers and mosses grow,
In Neptune's garden down below.

There came this way from off the sea,
A little breeze which said to me:
"Not every fish with starry eyes
Lives in story when it dies."

FRIAR'S HEAD, CAMPOBELLO.

THE days were bright, the days were long,
The tide was swift, the breeze was strong,
To Friar's Head, with jest and song,
Happy and gay,
We sailed away.

We boiled the chowder on the beach,
A spoon and a bowl were given to each,
While there stood the pickles just out of reach;
And some played a tune
With their bowl and spoon.

Some doffed their hats to the Friar gray,
And said, "A penny for your thoughts to-day!
You look so wise, have you nothing to say?
Give us a speech,
As we sit on the beach!"

Then the old Friar of Friar's Head,
Standing up in his rocky bed,
Said, "What to me are pickles and bread?
For I heed not
Your chowder hot!"

"But I am a Friar old and gray,
And keep my vigils night and day,
Over the waters of 'Quoddy Bay,
Standing alone
In my suit of stone.

"I watch the boats that come and go,
Their sails gleam like the drifts of snow,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
 They sail away
 Over the bay.

"Ships in harbor at anchor ride,
Boats that smuggle, softly glide,
Drifting slowly with the tide;
 I see them creep
 Through shadows deep.

"On summer nights I see you float,
Ladies gay, in your pleasure boat,
Till far away you seem but a mote
 The shadows among,
 Drifting along

*
"To the homes that stand in the twilight gray,
To the hearts whose hopes have been all day
With you, as you sailed out over the bay,
 Out of my sight
 You go in the night.

"But who is the boatman to guide you through
The fogs of the world, which hide from view
That other home which is waiting for you,
 Out of your sight,
 Beyond the night?

"No home awaits the Friar old.
I stand in the winter's bitter cold,
Wrapped in the sea-fog's briny fold,
 Winds of the sea
 My litany!

"I am rocky and stony, old and grim,
Standing here on the water's rim,
While the years go by to the ages dim,
Watching still
Under the hill."

Much we wondered, for so it would seem
That the smoking coffee and chowder's steam
Had wakened the Friar out of his dream.

What else could unlock
The heart of a rock?

So we made the Friar a buttercup crown,
And we left him there in his rockweed gown,
While the fog came in when the sun went down,
And we sailed for the light
Through the fog and the night.

THE BALLAD OF PUSSY DOT.

THE old clock on the kitchen wall
Struck ten on New Year's night,
Its time-worn face grew radiant
In flickering fire-light.

And as it ticked Miss Pussy Dot
The burning embers eyed,
She purred and purred, then dozed awhile
In silence dignified.

Her coat was of the blackest fur,
With collar white and clean,
And dotted eyebrows overhung
Her eyes of sober green.

Fresh from a frolic up and down
The wide old-fashioned house,
Where leave of absence, when she came,
Was begged by every mouse.

In depths of meditation now
All solemnly she sat,
And pawed the shadows as they played
Upon the braided mat.

No trace was on her quiet face
Of grief for time misspent,
Nor ghost of broken platters came
To mar her look content.

The clock ticked loud, the fire blazed up,
I watched the dying year ;
Puss washed her face, I thought I saw
Her wipe away a tear.

“One year ago last Christmas night,”
So purred the pensive Dot,
“If I should live a hundred years,
It will not be forgot.

“There was not in the house around
So gay a kitten rover;
It mattered not though box or book,
I tumbled round and over.

“But Christmas came, the children hung
Their stockings in a row,
The biggest one they put me in,
I curled down in the toe.

“I grieved all night, I had not tried
My mistress’ love to win,
I mourned the countless pans of milk
That I had tumbled in;

“For all the misdeeds of the day,
The broken bowl and cup,
Unnumbered spools of endless thread
That I had tangled up.

“The morning dawned, the children came
With merry laugh and shout,
Called me a funny Christmas gift,
When I came purring out.

“They brought me to a city home,
I live a puss in clover;
The kitchen and the parlor chairs
Alike I frolic over.

“I spring from out behind the door
At every trailing dress;
My mistress says I must not so
Propriety transgress!

“And thus I spend my winter days,
And grow in wisdom too,
My fun and frolic and my griefs,
Some day I’ll tell to you.

“The moral of my life has been
To evil ways reject,
To be when hostile mice are round,
Alert and circumspect.”

HERRING COVE.

WOODS the distant hill-tops crown,
Westward reach the shadows brown
Of Campobello's rocky town.

We'll sing the song, *God save the Queen*,
We'll take the road that leads between
Thick-set trees of shaded green.

Never the light of summer's day,
Over the nodding tree-tops gay,
Gleamed so bright upon our way.

Through opening trees — what can it be?
An island of blue, a glimpse of the sea,
Sparkling and waiting for you and me!

Curved is the beach that stretches away,
Atlantic, wash with glittering spray
Its pebbles white, and brown, and gray!

Long ago, when the world was new,
Indians in their birch canoe,
Paddled over your waters blue.

Waves roll in with crest-tops high,
Shining, sparkling, while you die,
What does it matter, if, by and by,

Some one else shall think it bliss,
Upon a day as bright as this,
To watch the waves the pebbles kiss?

The chowder is done, our play is o'er;
Pebble-gatherers seeking more
Up and down the rocky shore

Echo clear the boatman's call;
Eastward now the shadows fall;
Gather up the baskets all!

We have gathered early and gathered late,
The pebbles small and pebbles great,—
They weary with their heavy weight.

So one by one we toss them away,
They are only pebbles brown and gray,
Brightened up with glittering spray.

Footprints only of us each,
From the waters out of reach,
Are left upon the rocky beach.

We'll sing the song, *God save the Queen*,
We'll take the road that leads between
Thick-set trees of shaded green,

While sunset gleams of waning day,
Through the nodding tree-tops gay,
Shall light us on our homeward way.

Out upon life's rocky shore
We'll go to gather pebbles more,
Till work is done and play is o'er.

Time's long waves are rolling high,
Shining, sparkling, while they die,
Is there for us, by and by,

More than footprints out of reach,
Of waves upon a rocky beach,
Pebble-gatherers, for us each?

THE DWARF OAK.

In Japan, young trees are sometimes transplanted into huge vases. The roots thus dwarfed, the trees develop, not in size, but in fineness and density of foliage, and are often marvels of symmetrical beauty.

A N acorn awoke, and said, "It is dark,
O brown earth mould,
Give me your strength that I may grow
Out of the cold!

For I have dreams of a princely tree
Among oaks the king;
Once heaven was mine, on the oak tree's bough
I used to swing.

Air was my friend, and light my lover,
Life seemed divine:
Down through the crisp of the autumn leaves
What a fall was mine!

But I feel the moisture—it must be tears
The sky has shed;
It loved me once, and now it weeps
That I am dead.

But I will not die, O rich brown soil,
With bursting heart
I thrill to grow, and in the world
To share my part.

Then gave the earth its hidden power,
Nor tarried long
Thus down in depths of dark and cold
A life so strong.

And up, still up, a month and a day,
Thrice told it grew;
It said, "And soon my topmost bough
Shall touch the blue.

"O light and tempest, earth and air,
Supply my need!
Unbounded strength and space to grow
Is life indeed."

But evening saw the oak-tree torn
From out the earth,
Its rootlets clipped that strongest loved
Their place of birth.

Transplanted in a foreign soil,
A home it found;
The dwarfed roots, with an iron wall,
Were prison bound.

“ O air, my friend, and light, my lover!
 What need have I
Now of your help? you can but come
 To see me die.”

And every leaflet drooped in grief,
 Each fibre cell,
Held pent up in it, agony
 It could not tell.

It did not die, for nature came
 To heal its wounds,
But could not give it strength to burst
 Its prison bounds.

It saw the oaks stand huge against
 The eastern gray;
It felt within the power to be
 As great as they.

Yet all in vain — its roots were cramped
For space to grow;
In vain the hope to gain the heights
It longed for so.

But when it could not reach the place
For which 'twas meet,
It sought in fullest symmetry,
To grow complete.

And struggling on it tried to be
Not what it would,
But grew until in miniature
It perfect stood.

We see, as oaks, some great souls loom
Against life's sky,
And feel within the latent power
To stand as high.

The outward dwarfs the inward life,
 We cannot grow,
To burst our bounds, and reach the heights
 We long for so.

But greater marvel if as those
 For glory meet,
Our bound souls yet in symmetry,
 Shall grow complete.

THE BIRD IN THE RAIN.

SWEET little bird, in the Summer rain,
Out in the apple-tree down in the lane,
Tell me the story over again —
Sweet little bird, in the Summer rain!

In the Summer rain, under the lee
Of the dripping leaves of the apple-tree,
Why so merry? Say, what can it be?
Chirp and twitter and tell it to me!

Gay little robin, where is your mate?
Do you watch for him at the garden-gate?
Does your bird-heart wonder he tarries so late
In the Summer rain, as you sing and wait?

Sing, little robin, all red and brown!
Sing, though the heavens above you frown;
Sing, though the rain is coming down,
Sweet little robin, all red and brown!

Your mate will come, the gay little rover,
By and by when the rain is over,
And the sun drinks the rain-drops off the clover,
And your little red-coat wet all over.

The rain is over, the light shines through
The rifting clouds, the sky is blue;
The joy of an earth by the rain made new,
Sweet little bird, is waiting for you.

We, as the bird in the summer rain,
In life's sorrow and in its pain,
Glad for the joys that will come again,
Should sing as the bird in the summer rain.

Not long will it be ere the light shine through,
The storm be over, and the sky be blue,
And the joy of a life all fresh and new,
Out of sorrow will come to you.

RUTH.

RUTH of Gentile country born,
Went to glean at early morn,
In Boaz' fields of ripened corn.

“ With my maidens at thy side,
Only here shalt thou abide ; ”
So Ruth gleaned till eventide ;

Gleaned all day from early morn,
Glory of a Christ unborn
She gathered with the sheaves of corn.

Did she know with honor fraught
Was the gleaning that she wrought?
Know the prize her labor brought?

Ruth of Gentile country born,
All the day from early morn,
Thou hast gleaned the ears of corn.

Mists are up the valley creeping,
Night is on the hill-tops sleeping,
What the gain of all thy reaping?

Let thy faith the gates unbar;
Down the ages looking far,
See the rising Bethlehem star.

Looking onward through the night,
See by faith the future, bright
In the radiance of the light,

From the cross of Calvary beaming,
Backward through the ages gleaming,
Down upon thy pathway streaming,

As o'er Bethlehem's corn-fields wide,
With thy gleanings at thy side,
Thou goest home at eventide.

Glean, to-day, O soul of mine!
Christ for thee is bread and wine,
To give thee power and strength divine.

Glean all day from early morn,
Gather of life's ripened corn;
Out of weakness strength is born.

Looking onward out of sight,
See by faith the future bright,
In the radiance of the light

Streaming from the Crucified,
Brighter than all else beside,
Going home at eventide.

MARY.

"They came unto the sepulchre, at the rising of the sun."

HOW slowly the dark night creepeth,
I would see where my Lord sleepeth,
I wait the cock to usher morning,
Some ray of light the east adorning,
To welcome day.

"The stars pale out, and day is breaking,
But gladness in me hath no waking.
O slumbering faith! I cannot see
Aught in the cross of Calvary
To comfort me."

She went through dews of Easter, born
Of that glad resurrection morn,

But all the spices were as naught,
Without the broken heart she brought
Unto the sepulchre.

“Why weepest thou?” and morning light
Rolled back the mists of that dark night,
She found the chosen Christ she sought—
With words divine on Calvary bought,
To comfort her.

O thou who wakest in life's night,
And tarriest for the coming light,
Seek now the Christ, nor wait the morn,
For glorious light of Calvary born
Will show the way!

Yea, not perchance, but sure will be
One there divine, to comfort thee;
The mists of life will backward roll,
To show unto thy seeking soul
Thy waiting Lord.

THE PILGRIM OF GONGEN.*

The Shinto devotees of Japan, dressed in white, make pilgrimages to the almost inaccessible summit of the sacred mountain of Fusi-yama, and returning, stop to worship at the temple of Gongen.

ON the far-off hills of old Japan,
For every blade of grain,
Dear Mother Earth a million drops
Had drank of summer rain.

And green were all the fields of rice,
And down the far-off hills,
With future drink for thirsty flowers,
There rushed a hundred rills.

* Gongen, pronounced Gōngane.

And Kaji looked ; his grain waved high
Above the rich brown soil ;
Presage of days to garner in
The fruitage of his toil.

He looked beyond the fields of rice,
Beyond the hills of green,
Saw Nippon's sacred mountain stand
The heavens and earth between.

And Kaji as a pilgrim went,
And votive offerings made ;
At every wayside shrine he stopped,
To every god he prayed.

And day by day the mountain top
Loomed nearer into view,
And every day, through grass and brake,
His path more rugged grew.

One night he rested, but not long,
Half up the lava slope,
And saw concealed in higher clouds
The goal of all his hope.

Not yet the summer moon had paled
Before the coming day;
Through weird shadows of the night
He toiled his upward way.

The goal was reached, O glorious sight!
The clouds beneath his feet,
And grandeur far beyond the grand,
And desolateness complete!

Then suddenly from out the east
The radiant Sun-god rose,
And night and whirlwind hurried back
To gain a day's repose.

The clouds rolled seaward, and the rocks
As gold-mailed warriors stood,
While morning breezes hung away
Each misty cloak and hood;

Till Nippon, Land of Sunrise, seemed
A paradise on earth,
And Kaji prayed, "Ye mighty gods,
That gave this land its birth,

O, shower your blessings on my life
As never yet before;
O glorious Sun-god, shine on me,
And comfort evermore!"

And Kaji prayed till past high noon,
The shadows eastward fell,
Then, staff in hand, he girded on
His pilgrim cloak and bell;

And heeded not the jagged rocks,
The tired pilgrim's foes,
But gained upon the plain below
A dreamless night's repose.

Next day he journeyed up and on
Across Hakone's range,
Grand nature's storehouse, where are kept
Things wonderful and strange.

And musically the little bell
Soft tinkled as he stepped,
So merrily with brook and bird
In unison it kept.

O, blessed was the pilgrimage
He did not take in vain!
For up the rocky path he went,
A pilgrim to Gongen,—

A glorious place, where one might dream
The long bright summer day,
By temples, on whose thatched roofs grow
Green verdure from decay;

Where tall the Cryptomerias stand,
By ancient Shoguns sown,
Through wind and storm a hundred years
The kingly race have grown.

And sitting at the temple gate,
In that old forest dim,
One told him of the blessed Christ
Once crucified for him;

The grand old story of the Cross,
That grander yet shall roll
Down every age, to meet the want
Of every human soul.

Again on hills of old Japan,
For every blade of grain,
Dear Mother Earth a million drops
Hath drank of summer rain.

And green are all the fields of rice,
And green the far-off hills,
While odor out of raindrops born
The air with fragrance fills.

And Kaji walks in pilgrim dress,
Bought with a sum unpriced,
For now his garments all are white
In the righteousness of Christ.

He climbs not mount or sacred hill
To find his god in them,
But touches with a daily faith
The Master's garment-hem.

O godlike words, on human souls,
That fall as summer rain !
O blessed Christ, that came to meet
The pilgrim of Gongen !

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

HIGH noon looked down on Gerizim,
Where olive shadows fell,
Its fiercer heat on Shechem's plain
By Jacob's sacred well.

O woman of Samaria,
Tread with a holy fear!
Behold, a heaven-sent thirst is thine,
Because thy Christ is near.

One lowly-born of Bethlehem,
Thy Lord, now waits to rest
So lowly, yet if he should make
To heaven but one request,

Swift legions of archangels would,
 With wings that never tire,
Have wafted Him to Galilee,
 In a chariot of fire.

But rather would he take for us
 The weight of every grief;
From weariness he asks not Heaven
 To send him its relief.

For where would be the story now
 In words on sacred page,
Like living waters springing up,
 The comfort of the age?

O woman of Samaria,
 A blessed thirst was thine!
As thou didst drink unconsciously
 Those promises divine.

Thy life from its obscurity,
Did into greatness spring,
Because it touched the purer life
Of thy Redeemer King.

Christ waits no more by Gerizim,
Where olive shadows fall;
The mount of blessing for us now
May echo not His call.

Yet in life's noontide heat we find
Where our Lord waits to rest,
When souls with heaven-sent thirst shall make
To us the same request —

“Give me to drink;” O heart of mine,
Be thou in holy fear!
There speaks to thee a burdened one
In him thy Christ is near.

Give, and thy soul will surely drink
The living streams that flow;
Thy life will touch thy Master's,
And in its likeness grow.

THE PRAYER.

WITH doubting heart, with tired thought
and mind,

One breathed a prayer;
It drifted up through seeming dark to find
If God was there.

The heart's deep prayer! Up to God's throne it
went,

With tears inwrought,
The sinless stain upon the Cross had once
Its answer bought.

And he who wills not that the reed should
break,

Nor sparrow fall

Without his care, in love for Christ's dear sake
Has heard the call.

Through deepest night the spirit came to save

From guilt and sin;

The weary heart into his warmth and light

He gathered in.

THE SAILS ARE SET.

THE sails are set, the anchor weighed,
Our ship goes sailing, sailing;
Come, north wind, from your cloudy caves
In breezes never failing!

'Tis break of day, and far astern
I watch the seaweed drifting;
The coming dawn from off the sea
The shades of night are lifting.

O rays of light from out the East,
Ye bring the voice of wailing!
Come, Holy Spirit, breathe on me
Thy comfort never failing!

To lands far-off for thee, O Christ,
I go to tell the story,
Shine thou upon that sea of souls,
And flood it with thy glory!

The joys I leave are but to me
As seaweed idly drifting,
For on that sea of human souls
I watch the shadows lifting.

Ye north winds, blow! Thou ship, speed on!
My hopes with thee are sailing.
O, Holy Spirit, breathe on me
Thy comfort never failing!

So shall my heart for work so great
Be strong in its endeavor,
Until my soul, above its fears,
Is lifted up forever.

THE BAPTISM.

WE go through fields of wheat and rice,
Fresh meadow-lands of green ;
A valley reaching to the sea,
The oak-crowned hills between.

Our pathways, winding to the beach,
By many a cottage run ;
Soft down on Nippon's island shines
The April's Sabbath-sun.

And one is with us who has turned
From Buddha's mystic lore ;
To-day he takes the Christian's vow,
Upon Homoka's shore.

In vain for him the idols wait,
Or Shinto temples stand;
He turns from them with faith to grasp
A heavenly Father's hand.

We sing the consecration hymn,
His voice and ours accord;
With radiant face he goes to meet
His burial with his Lord.

And Yeddo bay grows calm, as if
With clearer sight than we,
It saw One with him who had stilled
The waves of Galilee.

From symbolled grave with sacred song
The risen one we greet;
And shadowed clouds come down to make
A pathway for his feet.

Rejoice, Japan ! for on thy shore,
One earnest soul to-day
Has vowed than heathen rites to show
To thee a better way.

We go home through the fields of wheat,
To work, and love, and pray ;
To be in Christ's perfected strength,
Baptized anew each day.

And all our lives are calm, because
In clearer light we see
One walking with us who has stilled
The waves of Galilee.

THE ISLAND OF ENOSHIMA.

In the Pacific Ocean on the coast of Japan is the island of Enoshima, pronounced En-o-shee-ma. It is of volcanic origin, and by the Japanese is supposed to have arisen in a single night at the command of the heathen goddess Benten, to whose worship its temples are dedicated, while the cavern of Enoshima, approached only by water, is the Mecca of religious pilgrims.

OH! it is grand, rugged, rocky,
Crested with green,
On a granite throne, foliage-crowned,
She sits a queen,
The island of Enoshima.

The tide goes down, an outstretched arm
Of silvery sand,
With sea-foam drapery, in wedlock joins
To far-off land
The island of Enoshima.

Ages ago, under the sea,
 A goddess spoke;
She loosed the bands of coral and pearl,
 From dreams awoke
The island of Enoshima.

Pushed back the curtain of sea-green waves
 And feathery spray,
With earthquake shock, through surf arose,
 At break of day,
The island of Enoshima.

The goddess Benten, cloud-enthroned,
 Stood draped in mist,
She blest the land, she blest the sea,
 Each wave that kissed
The island of Enoshima.

An old-time story! but to-day
 With thatched-roof town,
And cypress trees, and heathen shrines,
 The centuries crown
The island of Enoshima.

And now from off the sea-girt cliffs
 That wall it round,
The children dive for coral and pearl,
 The chain that bound
The island of Enoshima.

The ocean steps with thundering tread,
 To guard the door,
Among wave-washed crags, where hidden stands
 With shell-paved floor,
The cavern of Enoshima.

An echoing cave, where tapers burn,
Where idols stand,
And white-dressed pilgrims serve with gifts.
From sea and land,
The goddess of Enoshima.

O idols of a heathen shrine,
Your lights shall fail!
There comes a dawn from out the east,
Whose day shall pale
The tapers of Enoshima.

Then what if in the salt sea air
Your tapers die?
Or what if on some tidal wave
Your idols lie,
O cavern of Enoshima!

Across the sea Pacific comes
A light for thee!
Within your hearts, the "Prince of Peace"
Thy God would be,
O pilgrims of Enoshima!

What matter if your outward dress
Be soiled to sight,
For if your soul shall touch the Christ,
It shall be white,
O pilgrim of Enoshima!

EASTER.

IN MEMORIAM.

IN the far-off Land of the Sunrise,
In the early Easter-morn,
Where the winds of heaven breathe softest,
My sweet heart-flower was born.

Did I stand between it and heaven,
That it faded away so soon?
Or the warmth of my heart-love scorch it
Like the heat of a burning noon?

For it faded, it faded — I watched it,
And the plant from which it grew,

It withered, it withered before me,
For the lack of the heavenly dew.

I carried my plant and my flower,
I carried them over the sea,
I thought perhaps in the home-land
They would bloom again for me.

But they faded, oh, they faded!
And I stand at the Easter-dawn —
But what if my plant has withered,
And what if my flower has gone?

I will work through all life's harvest,
And will hide the secret pain,
While I care for the flowers of others,
And help to gather the grain.

I will wait till the south winds blow
In the time of the springing corn;

I will wait to see my flower again
At its resurrection morn.

In the love of the holy Christ,
I will watch for that Easter-day
When glorious will be the beauty
Of the flower I laid away.

And glorious will be the beauty
Of the plant that once was mine,
At that celestial sunrise,
Bathed in the dews divine.

For the love of my plant and flower,
To the Easter glories born,
In the love of Christ I wait
For that resurrection morn.

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AT THE LOTUS GATE.

IN Yeddo, feudal ruins stand
 Above the castle wall,
Their shadows in the moat below
 On the lotus-blossoms fall.

O, many a mile of parapet,
 And rood of palace ground,
A lake with feathery bamboo fringed,
 A turf-built, sacred mound.

While Fusi-yama in the west,
 With sunset vistas blent,
Like the celestial city stands
 With tower and battlement.

Beyond the castle's Lotus Gate,
By dingy, dusty ways,
Through Yeddo's streets with black tiled walls,
Of the olden feudal days,

I saw a hundred horsemen ride
In dress of silken white,
And every rider's steed was black
As the dark of a moonless night.

I heard the rustling of their dress,
The sound of their horses' tread;
And a hundred white-clad maidens rode,
Who mourned the princely dead.

A dazzling sight, a vision, dream,
But the crowd around me press,
And with their soil-worn garments hide
The white of their silken dress.

But I think, if, in a dingy street,
 So glorious is the sight
Of a hundred men who bear their dead
 In dress of silken white,

How unto John of Patmos old,
 More beautiful the sight,
Of the multitude innumerable
 In righteousness made white.

In Yeddo still the ruins stand
 Above the castle wall,
Their shadows in the moat below
 On the lotus-blossoms fall.

The snow-tipped sacred mountain stands
 With sunset vistas blent,
A picture of celestial walls
 With tower and battlement.

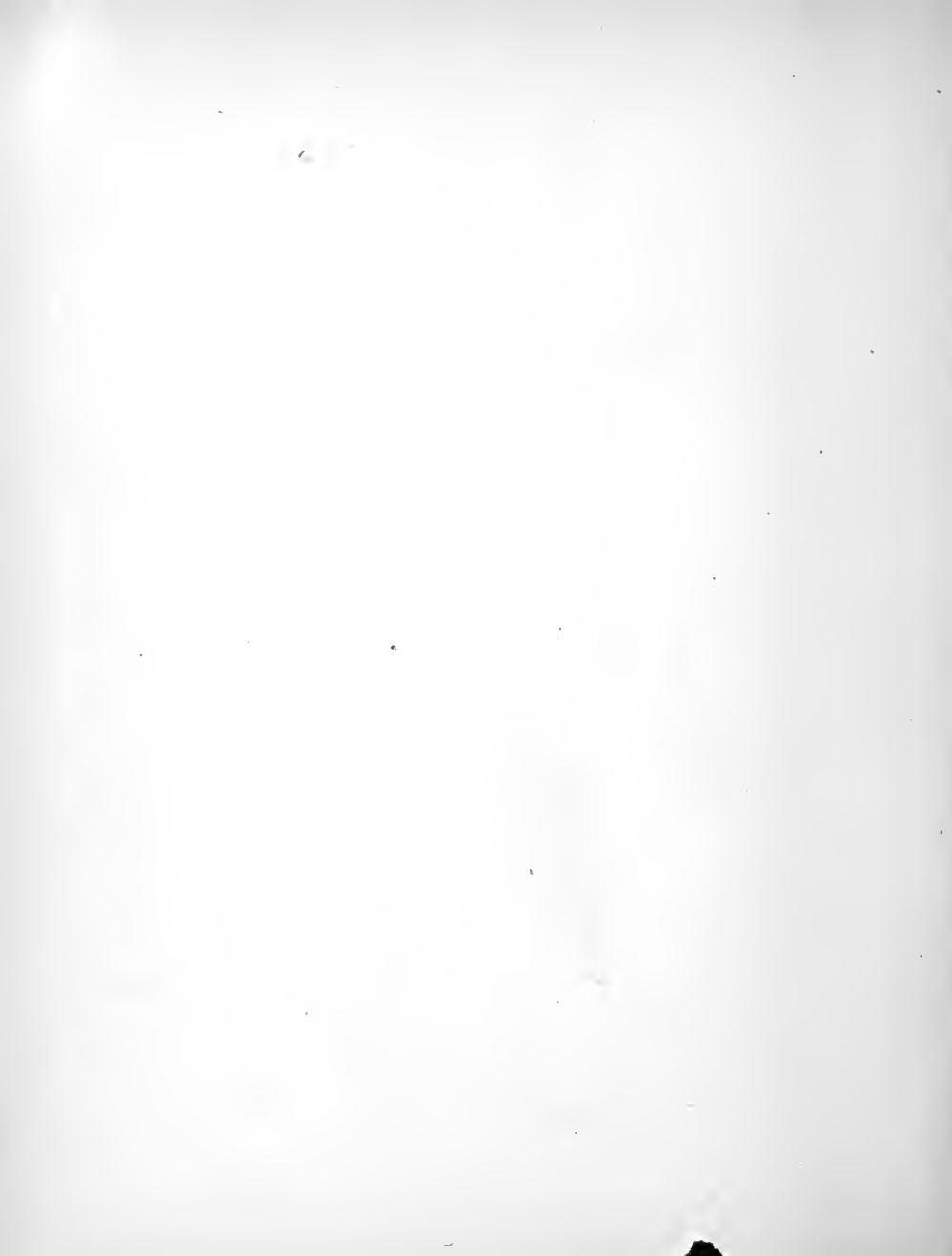
The horsemen in their silken dress
Have laid their dead to rest,
In Yeddo's consecrated ground,
By Buddhist requiems blest.

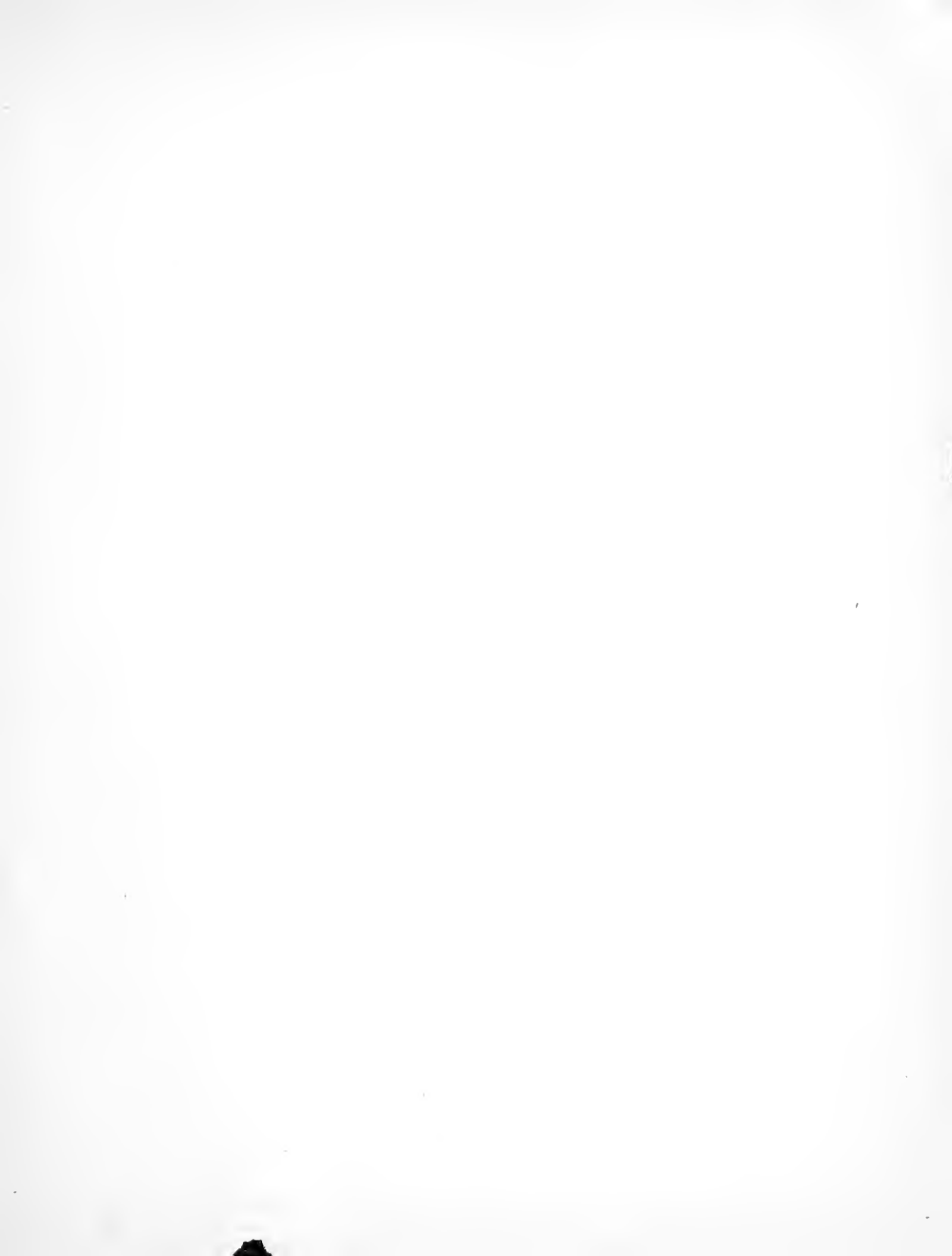
But unto men and angels,
Still beautiful the sight,
Of those who walk this sin-stained earth
In righteousness made white.

Who go life's dusty, dingy ways,
And pass its Lotus gate,
And at its burial-ground of hope,
In consecration wait,

And see the soul's great future stand,
With heavenly vistas blent,
With joy its wall, and peace its tower,
And truth its battlement.

The dust of earth ! it shall not dinge
 Their dress ; nor shall they wait,
Nor pass it by, but enter in
 The heavenly Lotus Gate.







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